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YOUNG GENTLEMEN :—

The hour has arrived when we must part—say farewell—bid adieu—and it is ever a painful one to him whose heart is warmed by one drop of the blood of sympathy, or who has one impulse of generous feeling, or a soul. He who lives rightly, lives not for himself, but for the whole human race, casts from him the selfishness and the meaner things of men, and looks to the higher and more glorious future. He who feels properly, feels for his friends, his companions in life, and lends all his aid to give comfort, happiness and peace to those he loves ; for true to nature, as the mirror in its reflections, will that we give be returned, and our own is our neighbor's happiness, or neighbor's joy. Our neighbor's or our brother's griefs should bring us pain, for even in the agony of sympathy there is a pleasure in imparting it. And though in this life we may be robbed and deceived, friendship is the jewel at last, and love lights the lamp that leads us to the grave, and hope points the way. The earth we tread—the air we breathe—the starry heavens that we gaze upon—all teach us that all around us is change, motion, that atom is from atom borne to meet with other atoms, to combine and be separated again, while all is being—life,—yet all is one grand design, and what seems to us a partial evil, no doubt is universal good. It has been good for us to be together ; we have toiled in the laboratory of nature for the good of our fellow man ; have gone through arduous duties in the achievement of knowledge, have mingled in harmony, in joy, and now, like all things in this world, perhaps in the world to come, we must part—change, as progression, elevation and advancement, are nature's watchwords ; we part in peace, but to renew the struggle elsewhere, that by motion, action and energy good may be achieved, knowledge diffused, and the human race benefited. We therefore, should not grieve, we should look at nature as God's work for goodness, his bounty and beneficence to his creatures, and bow to his superior wisdom, look at it as it is, and live the life of the patient philosopher, the humble and submissive christian. In the great drama of life there are parts for us all to play. There are duties which devolve upon us as Physicians, as men, as citizens, and as christians, which we should well consider, and weigh well, that we may the better play our part, *that life here and hereafter may be happy :*

1. Your duties to yourselves and your profession.

2. Your duties to woman, as you come in contact with her, as a patient, friend or physician.

3. Your duties to your country, as men of science, and advocates of civil and religious liberty.

4. Your duty to God, and a reliance on him for support in the hour of trial.

On these subjects we would address you separately. And when we turn to our experience, we beg your confidence; you may rely upon us as a faithful guide. A life now more than half spent, groping in the paths of the profession for a quarter of a century, yea, thirty years in the practice of medicine and surgery, having mingled with mankind in all the phases of society, enables me to speak with confidence, because I know I will speak with truthfulness and knowledge — a father could not feel more solicitude, a mother more care, than he who has led you cautiously and patiently to the position you now occupy. Here perched on the nearest limb to the nest in which you have been fledged, — your fluttering wings and palpitating hearts are now waiting until you shall try your own pinions, and fly or fall. I will point you honestly to the path, show you the mark, follow it, and aim for the prize. The description will be faithful, the object clear. As self-preservation is the first law of nature, admitted in all countries, savage or civilized, so is self-respect among the first duties which we should observe, and bow to with the profoundest consideration, for without it we have nothing for which to hope, nothing that can feed ambition, nothing to make us daring in the elevation of character, nothing that can make us proud of an achievement, nothing by which we can meet the storms of life, — we have no ocean to cross in discovery, no alps to scale for glory. He who gets position by stealth, does not enjoy it, for his heart never can respond to the praise of mankind, and the scorn of the world is felt most keenly when we know it is deserved. The man who cannot participate in the joy of those who praise him, feels as the prince who has robbed the legal heir of an estate, or Richard the Third, when he had murdered his way to the crown, — starts at every sound, sees ghosts in his sleep, starts up and cries “rats,” but that rat is the nibbling of the living conscience, the gnawing of the worm that never dies.

If your gifts to the world, or to your profession, be stolen from others, it is a charity that your heart can never feel, and although the world may praise, and the press eulogize, your bosom will never find the first throb of honest sympathy, but remorse. *He who makes* the neck of his benefactor his stepping stone to greatness, plants the ladder of his elevation on the margin of a deep gulph, and leans it upon a vapor that will deceive, while every round is trodden with

fear, and at last will find himself precipitated into the gulph below the gulph which nature, conscience, justice, by just retribution, has placed in his own bosom. For although the world be free to praise, and can enjoy it, his bosom is a prison, his soul incarcerated in a living tomb, that tomb which is worse than oblivion, while retrospective thought or memory exists, or one spark of honesty lives to tell the hated truth. To steal position by hypocrisy is to steal that which cannot enrich you; the gold of the hypocrite has no lustre, but has upon it the rust, the *canker* of duplicity. He knows it to be the baser metal galvanized. To be a Catholic and a Protestant is to lie to both, and if the fraud never be detected, the heart knows it, and no opiate will give us quiet, while the honest mind has not one ray of heaven, or the heart one throb of proper impulse. Self-respect should teach us not to be too vociferous in religion, be pious but be honest in your piety; hypocrisy, vociferation will not be mistaken for honest piety; do the work of a Christian, but do not proclaim it on the house-top, or employ an herald to sound your praise in the streets. It is not often that the alms of the hypocrite are not published, and seldom indeed is his right hand ignorant of what his left hand doeth. If settled in a community of any denomination, let self-respect teach you not to be too forward. If in the society of Presbyterians, be not an Elder, a Deacon, or a member of the session, lest you be compelled to judge harshly of your fellow-men, for it is written, judge not, lest ye be judged. If among methodists, be not a class leader, a *habitual shouter*, nor do you shout too loudly, lest you be supposed to groan that you may be heard of men. If in the midst of Baptists, do not go too deep into the water, nor immerse yourselves in the society so deeply as a defender of the faith, as to bring up the mud in your baptism.—If, perchance, you be a Jew, do not be a Christian too; do not be an Elder or a Class-leader, least you be suspected of duplicity. For to boast of being of the lineal descent of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, and profess to hate the unoffending swine, is inconsistent, most unnatural while we are known to feed on the spare-ribs, pigs feet and souse of society. Such conduct is duplicity doubled, and always watched by society, and public opinion will do justice to us all,—mind will be appreciated, and mud will settle, and clear water float on top. If you should be a pillar in a Protestant church, do not marry a Catholic lady unless impelled by honest love, a lofty estimate of the intelligence and worth of the woman; and if she be wealthy, be careful the world do not suspect your honesty; but of all things avoid the necessity of underwriting that your wife shall be a confessing Catholic, and your children baptised and reared in the nurture and admonition of the holy Fathers. Do not offer yourselves a willing sacrifice on the altar of

mammon; do not sell in the market-place, as an huckster, your personal charms for money, nor be bribed to do injustice to your former benefactor and friends.

“ There be, perhaps, whose barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneas hoary brow.
But triumph not ye peace enamored few,
Fire, Nature, Genius never dwelt with you.
For you no fancy consecrates the scene,
Where rapture uttered vows and wept between.
'Tis yours unmoved to sever and to meet,
No pledge is sacred, no home is sweet.”

Such a sacrifice is detestable, and power won by such means is never brought into honorable competition. He who worships mammon, and pays his devotion to the God of money, will find an humble estimate placed upon his honor and his honesty, while his efforts through life, although they be vigorous, will not achieve the desired object; his blows like the blind Polyphemus, though giant-like and powerful, will never strike the desired victim, can never achieve the wished for station.

“ For Mammon was the least created spirit which fell from heaven,
For e'en in heaven his looks were always downward bent,
Admiring more the pavement trodden gold of heaven
Than aught divine, or holy else in vision beatific.”

If in one community you be a Protestant, when you remove to another, be not a Catholic and associate with Jesuits; such conduct you may attempt to defend, but the argument is as baseless as the honor and honesty of the mind that conceived such a project, besides you will get to hell soon enough without keeping company with devils in this world.

But, gentlemen, of all things, do not pledge your honor in a cause, which, when you desert, you intend to destroy. Judas, Monteith, and Arnold are the most despised wretches that ever lived. Jesus submitted patiently to his betrayer, was crucified, but lives in glory, surrounded by his angels and followers, while Judas, we are afraid, is in hell. William Wallace fell on Tower Hill in London, but the spot on which his blood was shed for freedom is sacred to every man who loves human liberty, while *Monteith* is despised by every Scotchman, every Englishman, even the nation to whom he was betrayed. George Washington's name will be written upon the sublimest page of human greatness, while the name of Arnold will be remembered with hate by all succeeding generations. Self-respect should teach you never to marry but for love, and duty should teach you to respect mind, although it be enshrined in poverty—that jewel will shine as bright

with as without the setting. Mind is immortal—it blazes as well on the hearthstone as it does in the hall of fashion; mind is the bright morning star of domestic life, which bids darkness flee, shines brightest upon the dreary path of life, and lights up every footstep with alacrity and joy. It is a mistaken idea that money makes men great and powerful; it may give us importance and power for a time, but the glory perishes with the using.

Shakespeare has said “put money in thy purse,” Roderigo “put money in thy purse,” but I say unto thee, put learning in thy head, and honor and integrity in thy heart; they will last longer, they will maintain you while living, and live after you when dead. Learning, heroic decision of character, inflexible integrity, pure, moral rectitude, will be the bright jewels of your character when mountains of ill-gotten gold will have dwindled away. Silver and gold may pay the expenses of a splendid funeral, but the memory of the man rots in the sepulchre. The rich Cræsus, the rich Polydor, of Messina,—the Arbaces of Pompeii,—and Shylock, of Venice,—live in memory’s records as knaves—fattened hogs, or oxen ribboned for the fair. While the minds of the nations which produce such monsters in wealth, such mammoth calves in gold, live renowned for their morality, wisdom, learning and patriotism; their deeds in arts, science and in arms, have floated upon the turbulent sea of human knowledge, a casket of jewels whose lustre shines to heaven, and although found oftentimes upon the dung-hill of poverty, shine with intrinsic beauty in the estimate of every mind of elevated mould, and with purest ray serene. The great moralists who have been the ornaments of the pages of history and blessings to mankind, the lights to the path of the human race, have never been reputed wealthy, nor is it ever asked by the pupil of wisdom and learning, were they rich. Socrates, the father of the moral teachings of Greece, when his prison doors were opened by his pupils who bade him fly, which he refused, preferring death rather than disobedience to the laws of his country, drank the hemlock and died while he had not a drachma in his purse. Our Saviour when brought before Pilot had not a piece of silver on his person, yet Judas, the rich man and banker of the twelve, had thirty pieces of silver, the price of his Master—the one is worshipped as a God, the other despised as a devil.

Martin Luther, Melancthon, and John Calvin, the greatest moralists and reformers of their age, had but little to boast of but wisdom, piety and learning, the latter of whom, that man who stamped the nations with a seal of his mind, had but two hundred and fifty dollars when all of his effects were sold. In your own profession, gentlemen, great men have rarely been rich, but have been examples of genius strug-

gling with poverty. Hypocrates, the father of Grecian medicine, was not rich, but gloried in the science of Greece, and his heart abounded in the love of country, and when offered by the Persian monarch a kingdom if he would remove to Persia, replied with patriotic pride, that he would rather die the poor man in Greece than live a prince in Persia. John Hunter who has written his name on the loftiest peak of the granite of his profession, was poor, and his only legacy to his family and the world, was his museum. Mehell, one of the brightest ornaments of the age, the glory of German anatomy, following the example of Hunter, left but his books and his museum to his children; whilst the immortal anatomist Bichat had but little else to leave but his naked body, which he was willing to bestow on France and his profession. Such names, gentlemen, will live in the memory of the human race as long as language is written or mind educated to read. The French, English and German nations, now at the achme of their glory, may die, disappear, their records and language perish, but translated into living tongues that may succeed like that of Hypocrates and Celsus, will be found in the bosom of the last rolling billow of humanity, as it breaks upon the shores of eternity.

A decent regard for the opinions of mankind and respect for the comforts of life and happiness in after years, should induce you to marry, but that matrimonial connexion should be most judicious. When youthful companions unite for the journey of life, it most frequently happens that the river of domestic bliss glides swiftly and sweetly along; like gentle rills from hills that join—they unite without a ripple, without an effervescence or a bubble, their chemical elements the same,---they have lived neighbors, have the same experience, the same thunder cloud darts its lightnings and pours its showers and floods around them, and the sunshine follows in its bright career, and heaven's own rain-bow, the bright arch of promise of after years, stretches its glorious limbs o'er both their Fathers' farms; they see alike, think alike, they love alike, and live through life like children of the same family. But, boys, do not marry a woman much older than yourself, and do not marry your mammy. Besides young boys when grown sometimes leave their mammy, and seek for more youthful companions, more congenial society. Some of you, gentlemen, are old bachelors; be careful in matrimony; if even you marry one of your own age, although it is just, proper and honorable, it is hazardous. Go stand at the junction of the mighty streams that make the Mississippi; they have travelled a weary thousand miles of way, and come bearing in their bosoms the elements of different and distant soils,—the one is transparent, clear, the other comes with maddened energy, and full of mud; they come boldly together, they boil and wheel and foam and thunder

on, while bubbles burst and the surface foams with effervescence, while their deeper currents run with redoubled force. How like human nature reared in distant climes that differ widely the one from the other, the scenes of early childhood make different impressions on their tender minds, and their minds are fixed on almost every subject; they cannot agree concerning anything, and even quarrel about the changes of the weather, and will not consent as to what a day will bring forth; carrying in their bosoms the chemical as well as the moral elements of strife, they sometimes boil with rage, and passions effervesce, and bubbles burst upon the surface, while the deeper currents of the human soul run moodily, muddily, and deeply through life, perhaps tumbled without care for each other into the bosom of the ocean of eternity.

Ye older men and widowers, be careful, too; be philosophers; look at things as they are; too tender a sprout will not do to make a staff of for after years. Walk into the flower garden with me, and behold the buds and blooms. The opening bud is always admired, more lovely than even the full blown rose; but who admires the withered and the leafless stem? The old summer house is not admired, but the rich, luxuriant honeysuckle that hangs upon it for support, whilst the rich flowers are the food for humming birds that sip the sweet nectar of their opening lips.

The old elm whose foliage is fading, withering and dying at the top, may be beautified and adorned by the fruitful vine; but the rich autumnal fruit is too luscious not to be coveted and jumped at by wily foxes, and the old tree may sometimes be climbed to feed upon the bounty of his grapes. It is not always that foxes say that grapes are sour, but it is only when grapes are hung beyond their reach. "Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves."

You should be students, gentlemen, not sluggards, and every spare hour should be devoted to your profession, or to innocent amusement or recreation, and that which is intellectual should always be preferred. Do not gamble, gentlemen, for the gambler is to-day rich, to-morrow poor; his mind rarely turns on labor or achievements in science; the world to him is so much a matter of chance, he prizes nothing, sets no value on anything in his possession, not even his wife.

In the Legal, Clerical, as well as the Medical profession, great men have ever been students. Think you a Blackstone, a Mansfield and Coke, a Burke, a Pitt, a Fox or a Sheridan, a Brougham, an Adams, a Webster, or a Clay, were made great by nature only? No, it is not so; at some time in their lives they had been devoted students, and many of them continued so to the grave.

Self-respect should teach you, gentlemen, never to get drunk, for the drunkard rarely respects himself, and is never respected by any

one besides his zigzag prescriptions dictated without thought, reason or memory, may be messengers of death instead of harbingers of health to his patients. We would not have you debarred from pleasures or from a social glass, but drink not too often, nor too deeply; 'tis poison to the heart; it debases and demoralizes; 'tis death to the soul; its effects are felt, not only here but hereafter, and often entail sorrow on all we love, while we leave but a miserable pittance to those who are left behind. We would not have you wear a rueful countenance either, but a heartfelt mirthfulness and joy, for it is too often the case a patient is killed with apprehension, especially the sensitive woman, while the light heart and the smiling countenance is a balm to the wounded spirit, a balsam to the broken heart.

Auspicious hope in thy sweet gardens grow,
A wreath for every toil, a balm for every woe.

This couplet of Campbell is not less truthful than it is beautiful—while the following couplet, though less admired is no less the fact:

“Alopathy is half hope, half physic gently combined,
Homeopathy is ONLY hope and hope again refined.”

Indeed, where doubt surrounds the patient and diagnosis difficult, a cheerful countenance and a *big lump* of sugar with a little toddy, with something good to eat, is better far than either.

In your exactions from men for your professional services, remember the rich have everything, the poor nothing, and while you provide for your own house-hold, what you take from the rich you should give to the poor, and if you must have pay from your poor patients, charge the debt to your Father in heaven, and he will give you credit to the uttermost farthing on his well kept books, and that your indebtedness to him may be cancelled, he will give you compound interest for all your labor among his afflicted children, whilst your final settlement will be with the utmost exactness, mingled with love.

I would rather have my bills against my poor patients settled in heaven, for there the court is *honest*—'tis an *open chancery*, and our Father is the judge; for there the tears of my angel patients *witness* in my defence, would blot out the record of my crimes, while the Father of us all would welcome back his erring child—the poor but not the heartless prodigal.

But in this age of improvement, the boasted age of refinement and philanthropy, we are constrained to think it is not the age of chivalry; it is not the age to appreciate the honest rights of honest women, or the age to reclaim the afflicted, or minister to the unfortunate gentle woman. Man's kindest companion, man's faithful participant in all his cares—in all his woes—is now the most down-trodden being that the eye can rest upon, and abandoned sometimes even by her own sex.

Be it your special care never to abandon her as a physician, a friend. The poor woman, though she be respectable, intellectual, cultivated, and refined, is too often neglected, while the rich fool is admired and caressed. Intellect has no brilliancy in this golden age, while doubloons and diamonds throw their lustre between. The door of preferment is closed against her in a thousand occupations in which she might be employed. Pressed down by every new device, driven to poverty and despair when she would be honest had she occupation, she is impelled to crime, not unfrequently from absolute want, and when the first stain is found upon her garments of purity, her heart is broken, her soul blasted and destroyed, and she is banished by society to infamy and despair. But the man with true nobility of heart, with honest intent, can dare do anything in the defence of woman, *and the physician*, with true knighthood at heart, should nerve his soul and swear that, let society do its worst—let it cast the stones that might as well be thrown at them—he will never under any circumstances desert her, or cease to be her physician or her friend. The physician knows too well the wiles of society to be awed by its frowns. Jesus Christ be your example, for he was a physician, and while he pitied he rebuked the hypocrisy of the age, he dared be the friend and companion of even Mary Magdalene. He was reviled, accused, slandered, but he heeded not their complaint; the gushing gratitude of the heart was his compensation. The lame who leaped with joy around him, the tearful eyes that were lifted to heaven, felt no more gratitude, no deeper love than Mary. Besides she was true as woman's nature, always faithful, always kind in her attentions to her benefactor, the last to leave the spot of his crucifixion, and the first in the morning of his resurrection at his sepulchre.

“Oh, woman, in thine hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

I do not deprecate either mental, moral or mechanical improvements of any age, but those improvements which are to rob honest women of their labor, are to debase and destroy their thousands. Where must she fly from poverty and starvation? Where shall she fly, but to hide herself in degradation, dragged down to infamy by the very hands that should elevate and support her, when her arm is palsied, her needle broken—where shall she fly? She has too often been bribed by the very money she has earned, but could not obtain now with her needle. All is gone! her eyes with her lamp grow dim, and hope deserts her home; her starving children in tattered clothes cling round her, and beg for bread. Now abandoned and deserted, will you too aban-

don afflicted woman. Never ! As physicians stand your ground ; do your duty by woman, and verily you shall have your reward. Each tear that drops from a grateful, sympathizing soul will be a gem in your crown of glory in another and a better world.

“ Oh, righteous heaven, ere pity found a grave,
Where slept thine arm omnipotent to save ! ”

The physician may feel the scorn of society ; he may feel the bitterness of its reproach, but he knows its honesty and its justice, and should comfort himself that he had a bright, a glorious example for his conduct, and not forget his prayer—let it call to mind his duty by repeating it every morn and eve of his life :

“ Teach me to feel anothers woe
To hide the faults I see,
That mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me.”

On the subject of Medical Ethies, gentlemen, I have but little to say that cannot be said in a single word. Be the gentleman ! allow no opportunity to pass, that you do not endeavor to convince your neighbor physician that you will be his friend ; that your course will be with him both honest, upright and honorable. This will obviate all law, all technicality, all refined rule or *etiquette* constrained ; the code of honor should be the physician's code, to the last of his blood and his breath he should keep it.

Attend to your own business, and do not too much concern yourselves with the business of others. Do not by stealth secure the patients or the family practice of your brother doctor, nor by insinuation, nor by inuendo reflect upon his honor, his integrity or his intelligence. Do not say that your brother is faulty, forgetful, lazy or neglectful, and say in tones of sympathy that you pity him, and that, poor fellow, he is a good fellow ; we all like him ; we all respect, love him, but he has his faults and for those we pity him, for truly he is himself his greatest enemy. Leave all such meanness and like insinuations for the heartless hypocrite who may *lie*, but cannot *deceive* ; whose objects are too transparent not to be observed, whose only wish is the elevation of himself upon his neighbor's downfall.

But, gentlemen, your love of country should receive a large portion of your heart, and a deep and abiding devotion should characterize your every act towards her. We would not have your devotion lead you either to extreme piety or to preaching, or to enter into the hustings on the arena of politics ; both will assuredly prejudice you as a practitioner of medicine or surgery. You cannot serve two masters ; you must abandon either one or the other ; for while you suppose your useful-

ness will be increased, you will discover it is diminished, and your friends will suppose you too much engrossed in the one to be useful or available in the other, and never great in either. I knew once a doctor, who added to his useful and ornamental qualifications both law and divinity, but was looked upon as a quack in medicine, a hypocrite in christianity, and as a counsellor a knave. He had the credit of having killed his patients by ill digested prescriptions. He prayed most devoutly for the safety of their souls, but secured by his counsel the goods and chattels of his devoted victim, by writing the will in favor of himself.

But, while you love your profession and the institutions that have given you birth, and would confer on you distinction, we would imbue you with a love of liberty, inspire you with that knowledge and love of country that will enable you to guide and save from anarchy and misrule this glorious Republic. Such thoughts, such efforts can do injury to no man, they should occupy the bosom of every honest citizen, and should be the peculiar privilege of every cultivated mind. The doctor embosomed as he is and ever should be in society, can always exercise a controlling influence in society. His knowledge gives him respect; his opinions, like his physie, are always supposed for good, are always looked to with confidence. His friendships formed all around him, are no less circumscribed than they are peculiar in character, and he is often viewed as the counsellor, the father confessor and the advisor of the family. That confidence, gentlemen, should never be abused, but that influence should always be used for the preservation of your happy country and the rights of men; but prudence, science, a just appreciation of truth and of the great truths, and natural history and physiology of men, that while we wish that all mankind should be free and equal, that all are not possessed of wisdom or intelligence fitting them for self-government.

Teach men that mind and matter are so combined that one will control the destiny of the other; that brain and nerves will control muscle; that mental energy will control physical organization. Quietly turn them to the great anatomical truths which the eagle eye of science has only known; lead them in the paths of natural history and the physiology of men, which are only studied and duly appreciated by your profession. Then turn them to the pages of history for facts undeniable in confirmation—facts known of every nation—that the perfection of mind is determined by the perfection of physical organization; but as one star is greater than another and surpasses its neighbor in glory and brillianey, so of the whole human race,—the Caucassian variety or the white man is the only race fitted by superior intelligence for judicious, sound and safe self-government. As Jupi-

ter is the larger star of our solar system and sheds the brightest light, the white man alone is the star of the system of Republicanism—the only star that has ever shed luster on the exploits of men, or glory on arts or arms, and the only star that can cheer, save or guide our happy country, or light up the pathway of liberty.

But, gentlemen, be not prejudiced against any of God's creatures; they were all made for good and his glory, but teach truth as eternal as it is unchangeable, and unperturbed by passion and fanaticism, and what God has written with his finger in nature, let no man erase; let it be the altar upon which every polluted, heartless politician should be sacrificed before the stars of this glorious Republic shall set; let science dig the grave of all the hatred the white man has for his brother, and entomb the foolish fanaticism and prejudices that now so widely separate us. For man has been for centuries, nay, for thousands of years what he is now, and cannot come in contact with opposite colors but with hatred. The same spots are on the leopard to-day that were on his progenitors when Adam named him, or Aristotle first described him. The same fleet-hoofed Arabian steed is now as then, and the same long-eared ass with his peculiar marks, are found as far back as even Balaam. The same animals in all nature are distinct as then, and will continue until another revolution in our globe in progression gives us a different variety. So with the human race; the same colors, same varieties, same peculiarities, the same physical organization, and the difference in races not less marked then than now, and as wide in their diversities, and found to differ as widely as the gay Arabian horse differs from the clumsy, sullen, long eared diminutive donkey.

Induce your neighbors and your neighbors' children to think. Turn them to the great natural historical truth, that the whole southern hemisphere of our globe has in reality no history but that of nomadic barbarism, wandering hordes of bloodthirsty, ignorant men—the abode of the colored varieties of the human race for five thousand years, or as far back as history has penetrated. Kings and tyrants have ruled them, been their masters, and while the climate and soil has been most delightful, most beautiful, and should inspire to deeds of greatness, not one bud has bloomed in the garden of the human mind, not one throb of the human heart has beat for liberty—not one spot, not even one mountain fastness has been devoted to freedom,—not one ray of the sun of science has shot across the darkness of this part of our globe. From the tropics to the pole the surface of our globe is most prolific, most beautiful, and millions on millions have been born to die like locusts—coming, swarming, singing, dying, and again coming to swarm, to sing and to die.

Then turn the young aspiring youth of your country to the northern

hemisphere, the home of the white man, the birth place of liberty, adorned with the glorious exploits of arts and arms, and where the sun of science sheds its brightest lustre, lead him to the spots on the northern hemisphere, where Republics have had their birth, and explain to him the causes of their destruction; put your finger on the map and tell the boy, that is to be the man, that there lived the great defenders of the rights of men; there in Attica lived the renowned Plato and mighty Demosthenes; there lived the just Aristodes, the warlike Themistocles and Miltiades, and there died the glorious Leonidas. Show him Marathon, Salamis, Platea and Thermopoly, and fill his admiring soul with the love of liberty, the love of country; walk with him to the banks of the Tiber, show him the tombs where Cicero, Cincinnatus and Cato sleep, and say to him, these, too, were the lovers of human liberty! and while you embalm his soul in liberal sentiments, tell him these classic lands are the abode yet of the white man, and soon will dare be free. Tell them that the tombs of the mighty dead will open, and new fledged liberty will yet awake, arise from the ashes to the skies. Tell them that Greece and Rome are now beginning to see the lambent light of the day of liberty, when the whole white race will rise to slay their tyrants and be free; but tell them, too, that truth and natural history says, that there are bounds to human liberty, to self-government. Turn him to the pages of recorded history, and show him that we cannot engraft upon one stock another of different color; they cannot amalgamate, do not, nor can agree. Turn them to Spain, that land of wine and blood, where the rivulets of that vine clad country have run with the blood of the Moor and Castillian for a thousand years, and have at last sunk into the basest tyranny. Take him to Mexico and show him the sad effects of amalgamation in the varieties where no real liberty exists, where anarchy and fanaticism reign and rule; where leprosy and death fix their deadly fangs upon the mixed races, and where shrouded liberty is ready for the grave.

Then turn him to his own country's danger; point him to the sable cloud that hangs o'er his native land; show him the vivid lightning that may blast, *stop him* and bid him hear the approaching tempest of fanatical passion of our own people, that may blast with the lightning; or uproot with the hurricane the fair tree of human liberty in our native land. Teach him that the light of science is the bright morning star of truth that bids darkness flee.

Demonstrate to him that no Black Republicanism, no brown or red republicanism can grow upon the soil of Caucasian liberty, for no republic has ever existed among the colored varieties, and no stock of a strange vine has ever grown with different colors; that the laws of nature

will not be violated. Such grafts, if they cling'to the tree of liberty, will cumber and destroy—as deadly as the poisoned oak is to the hardy plant to which it clings, and covers with its noxious foliage,---will make it wither, drop its brawny branches limb by limb and die.

There are fanatics in our country, ignorant men, who would carry out a polluted, political project that would uproot all that is sacred, and even tumble down the fair temple of our country's liberty, place their unhallowed, *polluted* hands upon the stones of that temple ere they have grown cold from the warm hands of Washington and of Jefferson. Go rouse our sons to free the halls of the Legislature from fanatical preachers, either Protestant or Catholic. Drive the Vandal, Goth or Gaul from the capitol, and teach them to love their country as they profess to love their God; to preach and not to legislate, but to offer their sacrifices upon the altar of science, and tell them that the revelation written by the finger of God in nature's works, if not on the tablets of stone, is engraven on the heart of every freeman in this land, and end all your speeches, all your prayers, all your songs of love, all your anthems of liberty, all your hymns to the Almighty, with "God spare my country from a King," "God save the Republic," "God save my happy home, the only home of freedom."

The fruits of the liberty of this land are from the best seed of the white variety of the human race sown in the richest soil. Let no enemies sow tares; if we must have importations, let them be white, and when grown in the soil of freemen they will produce a larger and a better fruit. We need not fear from the sons of the white race, for in their hands this Republic will be free; at no distant day the Goddess of our liberty will stand on the Alps and Appenines of their native country, with her banner unfurled to the breeze and the lightning in her hands. Then shall the Italian, the Hungarian, the German, Pole and Frenchman, with all the white nations of Europe worship at her feet, and hail the bright stars of our Republic as harbingers to light them to glory—while we will aid them in giving the stripes to the backs of their Kings, our common enemies.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say to you, put your trust in God. I am not a divine, a preacher, nor am I a prophet, but let me assure you, that trust is most sacred, is most sure and steadfast and brings the greatest comfort.

When the sun of human happiness is obscured, the face of the Almighty still shines behind the cloud. Oh, what would man be without the enlivening belief that there is a God, a Father who is in heaven?

"Cease my heart, oh, cease repining,
Beyond the cloud, the sun's still shining."

To that God you should pray, gentlemen; but let your prayers be

short, not vociferous, for there is no piety in vociferation. Do not pray for form-sake, but ask with confident, open honesty, and ye shall receive. Prayer is Jacob's ladder by which we climb to heaven; stand it upon the broad earth, and lean it on the throne of heaven.

Like Socrates, I have always thought that the spirit of my departed mother walked by the side of her erring child, to cheer, to guide and to save. But even with that belief, with that reliance, nothing has given me so great support as prayer and trust in God. In things of this world you may trust yourselves first; you may trust your friends; but the higher trust is in your Father in heaven. Let me commend you to his care.

To Prof. J. N. McDowell:—

At a meeting of the graduating class of the Medical Department of the University of the State of Missouri, of the Session of 1855—56, Dr. R. Craughton in the Chair and J. P. H. Gray, Secretary, the undersigned committee were instructed to request of you the publication of your Valedictory Address.

The following Resolution was also passed unanimously:

RESOLVED. That we tender you our heartfelt thanks for the able and instructive manner in which you have delivered your valuable course of lectures on general Pathology and Surgery, and for the superior advantages we have enjoyed in the witnessing your performance of numerous capital operations in Surgery, viz:—the extirpation of the Parotid gland, Necrosis of the Femur and Tibia, Cataract, trephining for the cure of Epilepsy, Stone in the Bladder, and many others,—all with the most signal success,—advantages which are not to be found in any other Medical College in the Valley of the Mississippi, and for your kindness in bringing your private patients before the class.

JAMES H. ROONEY,	} Committee.
J. P. H. GRAY,	
JAMES H. STRAFFORD.	